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The BLACK TERROR

no.15

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No. 15. July, 1946.

The Black Terror

Mild-mannered druggist Bob Benton is really none other than the two-fisted battering ram who strikes terror in the hearts of the underworld vermin--the mighty **Black Terror!** Together with his young friend, Tim, who is the only one aware of his true identity, he wages perpetual warfare on the parasites who prey on society for their own selfish ends!

CC-560

Dr. Inch--whose fiendish brain is almost as large as his small body--is out driving with two confederates, but there is a strange, blank look on the faces of the two husky men! **Why?**

IT'S BRAINS THAT COUNT--NOT A STRONG BODY! LOOK AT YOU TWO SIMPLETONS! SLAVES TO THE WILL OF DR. INCH! I COMMAND--YOU OBEY! MY MACHINE HAS ROBBED YOU OF ANY WILL OF YOUR OWN!
DR. INCH COMMANDS--WE OBEY!

WAIT--STOP THE CAR! THAT BODY THERE IS A GOOD SPECIMEN! LOOK AT THAT STRENGTH! YES--HE WILL MAKE A GOOD ADDITION TO MY COLLECTION!

BRING THAT SPECIMEN TO ME! QUICK!

THE DOCTOR COMMANDS-- WE OBEY!

WHA--WHAT DO YOU FELLOWS WANT? GET OFF MY LAND!

WHAT-- DO-- YOU-- WANT? WHO ARE-- YOU?

POW!

GOOD! PUT THE BODY IN THE CAR! I'LL TAKE HIM RIGHT TO MY LAB!

YES, DOCTOR!

THUD!

The laboratory of Dr. Inch--

WHILE YOU CAN STILL THINK FOR YOURSELF, I WILL TELL YOU WHAT IS GOING TO HAPPEN! THIS MACHINE HAS THE POWER TO PARALYZE YOUR WILL TO THINK-- YOU ACT AS MY ROBOT-- DOING JUST AS I SAY!

PLEASE-- I'M-- JUST A FARMER! LET ME GO--

SURE, I'LL LET YOU GO-- AS SOON AS YOU HAVE A TREATMENT!

YOU DO ONLY AS I COMMAND-- YOU CANNOT DO OTHERWISE! ***DO AS DR. INCH COMMANDS!*** WE'LL GET YOU SOME OTHER CLOTHES NOW, AND AS SOON AS I HAVE ENOUGH STRONG BACKS, MY MIND WILL RULE THE WORLD! *FAUGH!* STRONG MEN-- HOW I HATE THEM!

DR. INCH COMMANDS-- I MUST OBEY!

NOW IT IS TIME TO START PUTTING SOME OF MY PLANS TO WORK--BUT IT WILL TAKE MONEY! MONEY THAT CAN BE SEIZED FROM THE SIXTH NATIONAL BANK! *COME TO YOUR MASTER AND LISTEN TO WHAT I SAY!* ***COME HERE!***

LISTEN CLOSELY AND DO JUST AS I SAY! I'LL GET DRESSED UP AS A LITTLE BOY AND THEN--

YES, DR. INCH!

YES DR. INCH!

A short time later--

HERE'S THE BANK! NOW REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU! CARRY ME INSIDE AND PRETEND TO FILL OUT DEPOSIT SLIPS!

YES, DR. INCH!

OH-- OH! NO, NO, LITTLE BOY! *NAUGHTY-- NAUGHTY--* COME BACK HERE! NO CHILDREN ALLOWED IN THERE! ***COME BACK!***

SAFE DEPOSIT -BOXES-

THAT'S FAR ENOUGH FOR YOU! I'LL CARRY YOU OUT, YOU LITTLE RASCAL!

AAAGH!

LOOKS LIKE THEY'LL HAVE TO CARRY *YOU* OUT, STUPID!

THAT GUN WITH A SILENCER DID A NICE, QUIET JOB! I'LL GET ENOUGH OF THIS TO LAST FOR A WHILE!

WHA--?!

ALL RIGHT--YOU CAN JOIN YOUR PARTNER! NOTHING STOPS DR. INCH!

STOP-- AGHH! STO--!

GET THEM ALL IN THAT VAULT--! *HURRY! DR. INCH COMMANDS!*

OHHH! THEY'RE GOING-- TO LOCK US IN!

PLEASE--DON'T LOCK IT! THE DOORS WORK ON A TIME DEVICE--AND CAN'T BE OPENED FOR HOURS! ***WE'LL ALL SMOTHER TO DEATH!***

A TIME DEVICE, EH?

THAT'S TOO BAD! ***LOCK THE DOORS!***

WE OBEY!

Passing at that moment are Bob Benton and Tim!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! BACK TO THE LABORATORY!

BOB-- HEAR SOMETHING?

YES-- SOUNDS LIKE A CRY FOR HELP COMING FROM THE BANK!

H-E-L-P!

IN THERE--PEOPLE LOCKED IN--! CAN'T OPEN--HAS TIME DEVICE! SAVE-- THEM! SAVE-- AGHH!

HE'S PASSED OUT! BEEN SHOT! SAID SOMETHING ABOUT PEOPLE BEING LOCKED INSIDE THE VAULT!

YES--I CAN HEAR THEM!

Discarding their outer clothes, the Terror Twins take over--

ONLY THE BLACK TERROR COULD RIP OPEN THAT STEEL DOOR! IT'S UP TO YOU TO SAVE THOSE PEOPLE!

I'LL TRY!

Mighty muscles strain desperately as death hovers in the background--

MUST--DO IT! I--MUST!

Then--a last mighty tug and--

YOU DID IT!

WE'RE SAVED! THE BLACK TERROR SAVED US!

RRR-IIP!

Quickly revived, the innocent victims explain--

HE WAS ONLY AS BIG AS A BABY-- BUT WHAT A DEVIL! LOCKED US IN--AND HE HAD THREE GIANTS HELPING HIM!

A FIEND! THAT'S WHAT HE WAS!

I REMEMBER THREE HUSKIES COMING OUT WITH WHAT LOOKED LIKE A CHILD!

The following day, in Dr. Inch's laboratory—

HMMM-- THE BLACK TERROR! ONLY HIS STRENGTH COULD HAVE OPENED THAT VAULT DOOR! HE CERTAINLY WOULD BE THE IDEAL ITEM TO ADD TO MY COLLECTION OF SLAVES!

BLACK TERROR'S GREAT STRENGTH THWARTS MAD MIDGETS PLOT!

WITH HIM UNDER MY CONTROL, I COULD DO *ANYTHING!* LET'S SEE -- YES -- I *THINK* IT WOULD WORK! MY NEXT VICTIM -- *THE BLACK TERROR!*

SNAP!

The first step in Dr. Inch's plot—

LOOK, TERROR! A NOTE!

SOMEBODY MUST HAVE SLIPPED IT UNDER THE DOOR!

If you want information about Dr. Inch, come to the Ajax garage!

THERE IT IS! I'M A LITTLE SUSPICIOUS ABOUT THE WHOLE THING! THAT MIDGET MAY BE BEHIND IT! BUT THAT'S WHAT I'M HOPING FOR! A MEETING!

RIGHT, TERROR! HE MIGHT COME OUT OF HIS HOLE! LET'S GO IN!

AJAX GARAGE

Suddenly—

TERROR! LOOK OUT! THAT TRUCK— IT'S GOING TO HIT US!

GET BEHIND ME!

Steel muscles brace to meet the crashing impact—

A quick heave and--

THERE THEY ARE! THAT'S WHAT I CALL SHAKING THE RATS OUT!

IT'S THE MIDGET!

GET HIM! GET THE BLACK TERROR!

THAT'S A PRETTY BIG JOB, SINCE YOU HAVE TO GET THIS FIRST!

POW!

GOT HIM!

KRAK!

HURRY, YOU STUPID FOOLS! PUT HIM IN THE CAR! DON'T BOTHER WITH THE BOY! I NEED BIG MUSCLE MEN!

WE DO AS THE MASTER COMMANDS!

Minutes later, the Black Terror faces the mind-conquering machine--just as he regains consciousness--

AH-HA! SOON YOU WILL BE MY SLAVE TO DO AS I COMMAND!

THAT MACHINE--IT'S AFFECTING MY BRAIN--! WHAT IS--HE DOING? CAN'T--THINK!

A superior mind versus an overpowering machine!

GETTING--HAZY--HARD TO CONCENTRATE!

THE MACHINE IS SUBDUING HIM! I WILL BE HIS MASTER!

The blow on the head, combined with the power of the machine proves too much! The Black Terror succumbs!

I DID IT! HE'S MY SLAVE!

I AM NOW READY TO PULL MY BIGGEST JOB! THE KHONORA DIAMOND, WORTH A MILLION DOLLARS, IS ON EXHIBIT! IT WOULD PLEASE ME TO OWN SUCH A TOY! BUT IT IS GUARDED WELL AND ONLY THE BLACK TERROR HERE COULD GET TO IT AND SHAKE OFF THE BULLETS! THE OTHERS WILL COVER HIM! LISTEN TO MY PLAN!

DR. INCH COMMANDS-- I OBEY!

WE OBEY!

Meanwhile, Tim reports the Terror's abduction--

IT WAS THE MIDGET ALL RIGHT! I SAW HIM! THOSE MEN OF HIS WILL DO ANYTHING, AND THE BLACK TERROR MAY BE KILLED BEFORE HE COMES TO!

THE BLACK TERROR DOESN'T KILL SO EASILY, SON! HOWEVER, I'VE GOT AN IDEA THAT TINY RAT IS GUNNING FOR BIG GAME! A MILLION DOLLAR DIAMOND IS ON EXHIBITION, AND THAT MAY TEMPT HIM! MY MEN ARE COVERING IT, AND IF HE SHOWS UP--HE MAY GIVE US THE CLUE TO THE BLACK TERROR'S WHEREABOUTS!

Dr. Inch's car draws up to the jewelry exhibit--

IT IS INSIDE! YOU ARE TO GRAB IT AND BRING IT TO ME AT ONCE! DO YOU UNDERSTAND MY COMMAND?

YES-- I OBEY!

MUST GET DIAMOND! IT IS THE COMMAND!

THE BLACK TERROR! HE'S GOT THE DIAMOND! STOP HIM!

BANG! BANG!

CRASH!

Like an automaton, the Black Terror returns to the car--

HE'S GOT IT! THE KHONORA DIAMOND! HURRY-- GIVE IT TO ME!

BANG! BANG! RATATATAT!

A bullet grazes the Black Terror's head--

OHHH! MY HEAD!

STEP ON IT! COME TO THE HIDEOUT WHEN YOU GIVE THEM THE SLIP!

BANG! BANG!

Tim comes on the scene--

IT'S THE BLACK TERROR! HE'S BEEN SHOT!

FF

WHERE--AM--I? WHA--WHAT HAPPENED?

FF
EE F
F
F

The bullet has cleared the Black Terror's mind--

WHY DID YOU DO IT? YOU STOLE THE KHONORA DIAMOND AND GAVE IT TO DR INCH!

HMMM-- I'M BEGINNING TO REMEMBER NOW! THAT MACHINE-- HIS LAB--

I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING, BUT I'LL GET IT BACK! I KNOW WHERE IT IS!

WELL, I SHOULD TAKE YOU IN! THAT DIAMOND WAS WORTH A MILLION! BUT I GUESS YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD GET IT BACK!

I WON'T ONLY GET THE DIAMOND BACK-- BUT THE MIDGET AND HIS GANG AS WELL! C'MON, TIM!

YIPEE! RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

Shortly afterwards--

THAT'S THE LITTLE PLACE WHERE DR. INCH HIDES OUT! I'M GOING IN AND PRETEND TO BE UNDER HIS INFLUENCE, UNTIL I CAN GET THE DIAMOND! HE'S GOT THREE MEN WHO GOT THE SAME TREATMENT I DID, AND THEY'RE DANGEROUS! BE CAREFUL WHEN YOU COME IN!

OKAY-- I'LL STEP IN WHEN I HEAR THE FIREWORKS!

ISN'T IT A BEAUTY? OHHH-- THERE YOU ARE! SO YOU THREW THE FOOLS OFF THE TRAIL! STAY HERE AND I'LL GET YOU "STRONG BACKS" SOME FOOD!

GOOD! HE DOESN'T SUSPECT ANYTHING! NOW IF I CAN GET CLOSE TO THAT DIAMOND!

ALL RIGHT, HALF PINT-- I'LL TAKE THAT NOW!

HEY!

KILL HIM! KILL! I COMMAND YOU!!

HERE IT COMES-- AND I REALLY HATE SMACKING THESE POOR DEVILS AROUND!

MAYBE ONE OF THESE WILL GIVE YOUR BRAIN AN UPLIFT! WOW! THERE GOES THE MACHINE!

FRASH!

HOW'RE WE DOIN', TERROR?

WH-WHERE AM I?

POW!

WH-- WHAT HAPPENED?

WHERE AM-- I? HOW DID I GET TO THIS PLACE?

THOSE BLOWS SEEM TO HAVE SNAPPED THE SPELL! THEIR MINDS ARE CLEARING!

THE LITTLE RAT IS GOING TO HIS HOLE!

As Tim grabs Dr. Inch--

--THAT'S ALL THERE WAS TO IT! HE WAS ABLE TO KEEP YOU AND *ME*, TOO UNDER HIS POWER WITH THE AID OF THAT MACHINE!

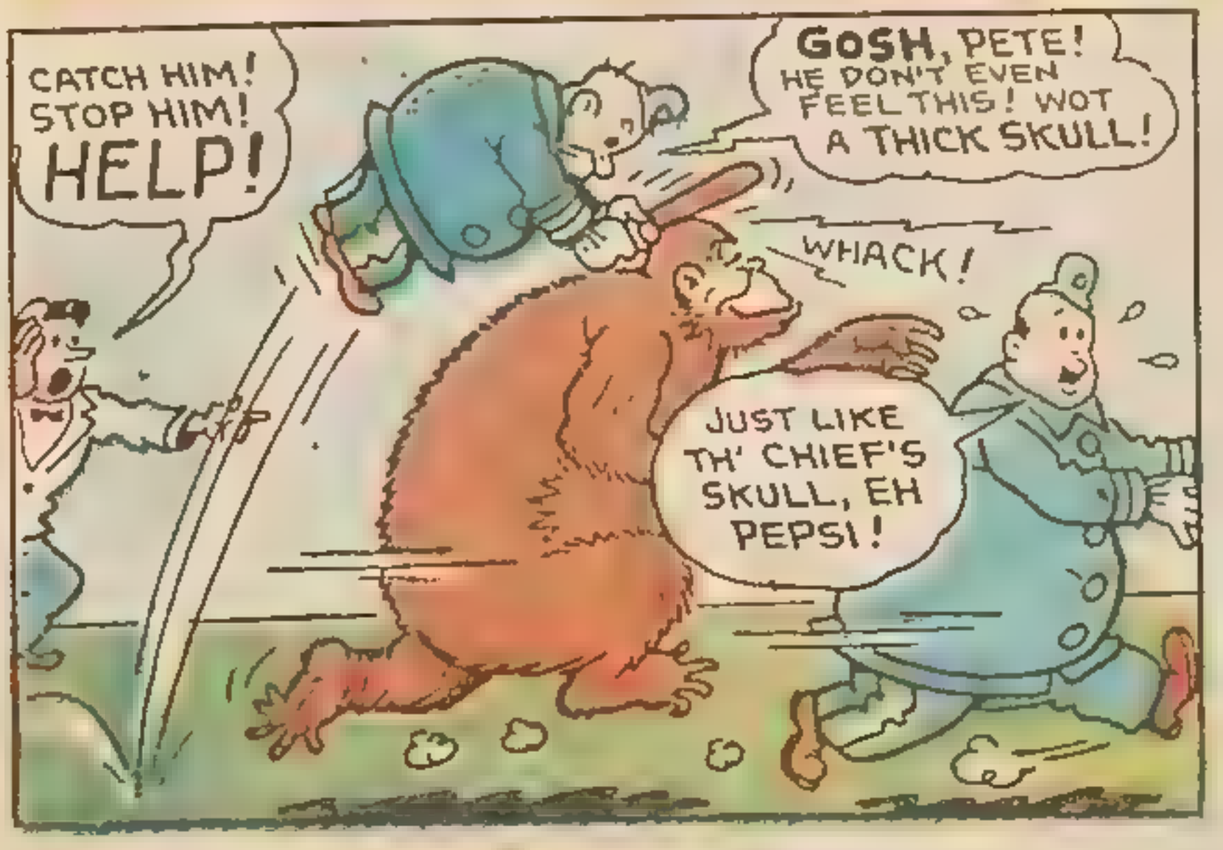
THEN THE BLOWS WE GOT SNAPPED THE FOG IN OUR BRAINS! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE GRATEFUL FOR A SOCK IN THE JAW!

The police take over!

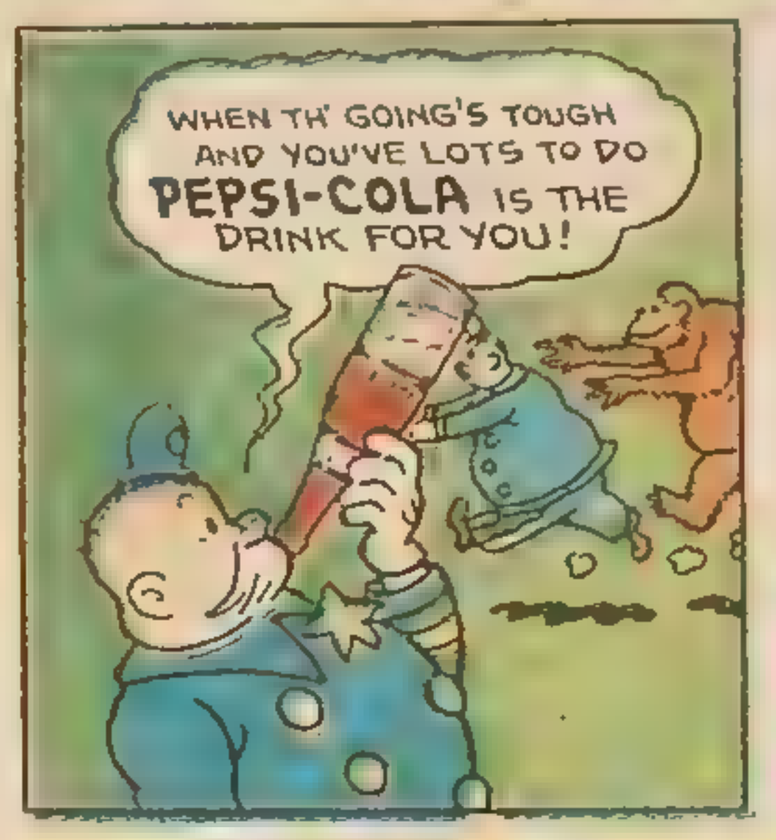
WELL-- THERE'S YOUR DIAMOND, LIEUTENANT, JUST AS I PROMISED! HOWEVER, IN VIEW OF WHAT I TOLD YOU, I DON'T THINK THESE MEN SHOULD BE HELD RESPONSIBLE!

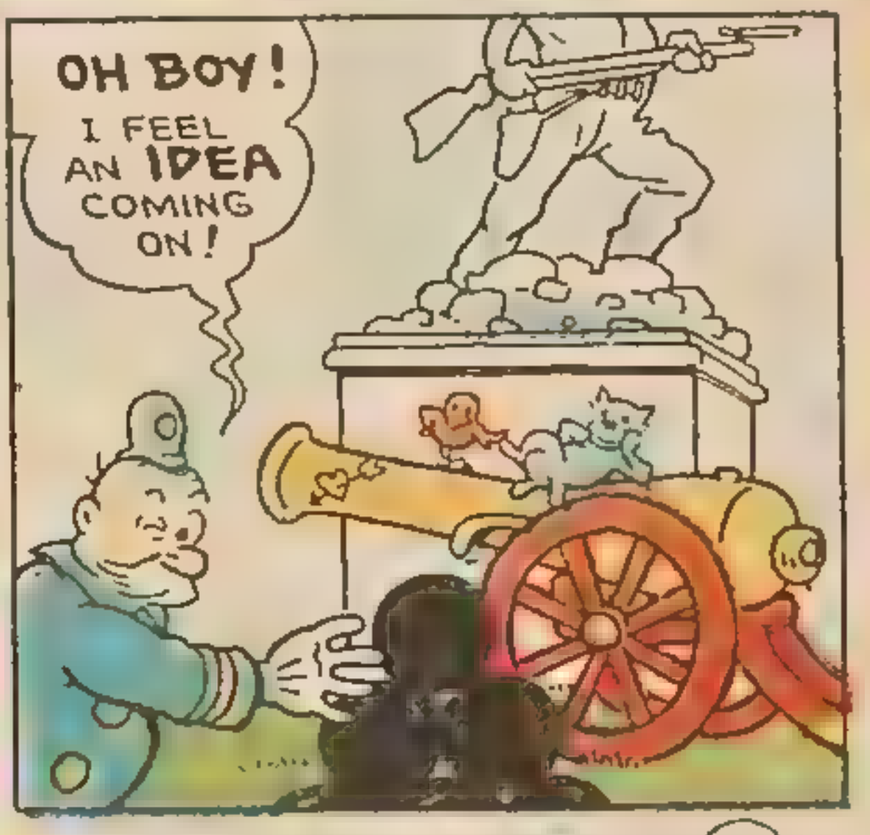
THEY PROBABLY WON'T BE-- THANKS TO YOU, TERROR!

Another smashing action story with the BLACK TERROR in our NEXT issue!



HOLY MACKEREL! WOT A HIDE!! BULLETS ONLY TICKLE THIS GORILLA! AIN'T THERE NUTHIN' THAT'LL STOP HIM?
SAVE SOME FER ME, PEPSI!
WHEW! THIS JOB CALLS FOR A QUICK PEPSI-COLA!
DING





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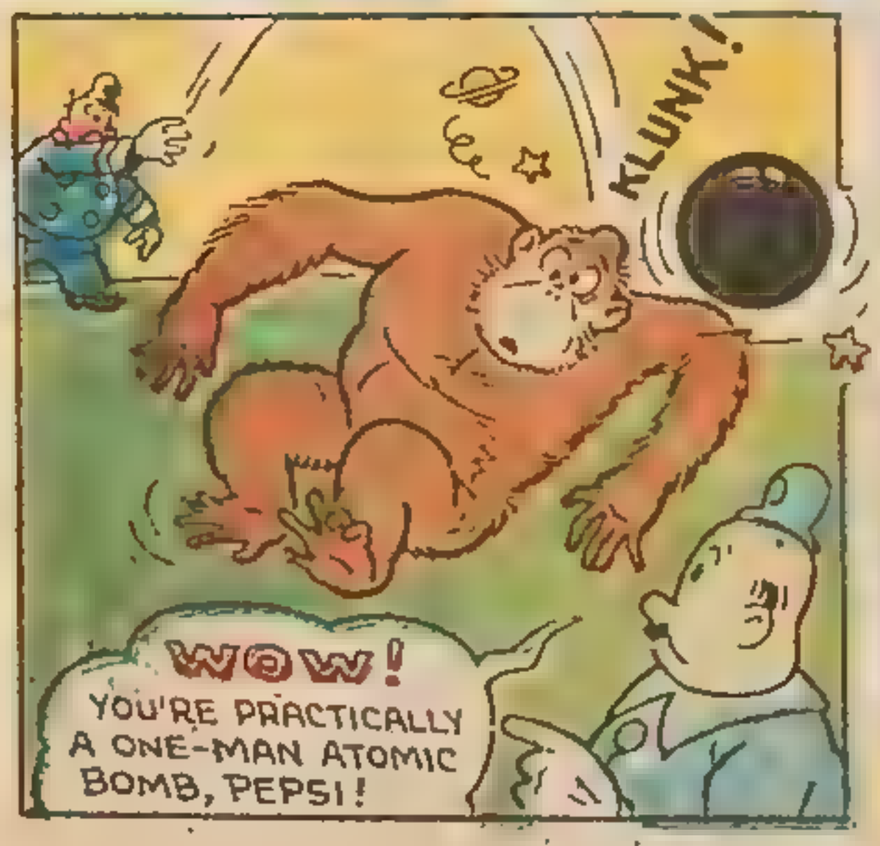
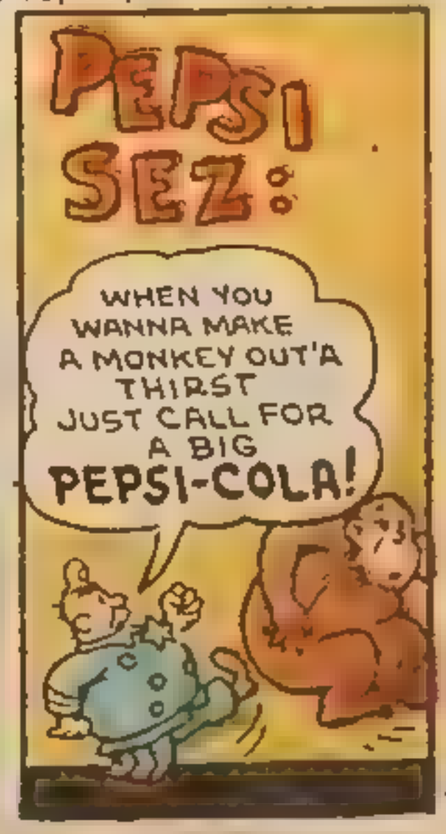


THANKS A MILLION! NOW WHAT SORT OF REWARD CAN I GIVE YOU BOYS?
REWARD?
BROTHER, WE'LL SETTLE FOR A CASE OF PEPSI-COLA!
GRAHAM HUNTER



ZILCH

DON'T ASK ME AGAIN, MARTIN! A TRUE SCOUTER NEVER USES MATCHES! IT SPOILS TH' FUN!

AW, MR. ZILCH, PLEASE! LET ME USE A MATCH! I'VE BEEN SPINNING FOR A LONG TIME AND I CAN'T START A FIRE!

AC-412

TWO HOURS LATER

HEH! LOOK AT HIM GO!

WHY, THIS DOGGONE HUNK OF WOOD WON'T EVEN SMOKE!

THIS FOR IT! — —

YEOW!

THOCK

CLANG

YOU SEE? THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO START A FIRE, SON!

The BLACK TERROR

MILITARY POLICE POST PIER 14

One of the army's most guarded weapons becomes an instrument of disaster -- when a strange accident completely alters its deadly effect! ~ Mere gunmen become titans of destruction -- giving **The Black Terror** and **Tim** a running battle unmatched in suspense and violence!

CC-565

At Bob Benton's pharmacy--

PRE-REVOLUTIONARY MUSKETS AND POWDER-HORNS ARE HARD TO GET, JEAN! THESE ARE JUST WHAT I WANTED FOR MY COLLECTION!

A SCIENTIST SHOULDNT HAVE *TIME* FOR HOBBIES, BOB! THERE ARE A LOT OF THINGS YOU COULD BE DOING FOR THE GOVERNMENT!

AND I *AM!* THE WAR DEPARTMENT HAS A HIGHLY SECRET CHEMICAL-- ***AND THEY'VE CHOSEN ME TO FIND A WAY TO CONVERT IT TO PEACETIME USE!***

WONDERFUL! IS IT ***TOO*** SECRET FOR A FEW GENERAL DETAILS?

IT'S *LETHOLENE--THE DEADLIEST GAS EVER DEVELOPED!* THE STUFF KILLS IN LESS THAN A MINUTE--*BY DISINTEGRATING THE BONE CELLS!*

HEAVENS! I HOPE YOU'RE NOT GOING TO PICK UP SOMETHING LIKE *THAT* WITHOUT A GUARD, BOB!

WHY-- WHEN NO ONE KNOWS ABOUT IT? WATCH THE PLACE, TIM-- I'VE GOT TO RUSH TO PIER 14!

CHECK! DON'T SCOOT OFF WITHOUT *THIS!*

Back at City Hall--

Soon afterward--

I WOULDN'T ASK YOU TO DO IT, INSPECTOR-- BUT I *KNOW* HOW BOB GETS INTO TROUBLE!

PIER 14, EH? DON'T WORRY, JEAN-- *HE'LL BE SAFE!*

YOU MEAN THE *ENTIRE SUPPLY* OF LETHOLENE IS STORED ON A CONCRETE BARGE, COLONEL?

AS A SAFETY MEASURE, BENTON! IN CASE OF LEAKAGE OR ACCIDENT, *THE BARGE CAN BE SUNK ALMOST INSTANTLY!*

WAIT AROUND, HUH? I'M GONNA SEE IF THIS OLD CANNON REALLY *FIRES!*

SORRY--TIM-- I HAVE SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO LOOK AFTER!

WE PLACED SMALL EXPLOSIVE CHARGES IN THE HULL--*WHICH CAN BE SET OFF BY THE M.P.'S WHO INSPECTED YOUR PASS ON THE PIER!*

On the immense hold--

EVERYTHING FROM AERIAL BOMBS TO BAZOOKA SHELLS, EH? THIS LOAD OF MUNITIONS MUST HAVE COST *PLENTY!*

JUST A FRACTION OF $10,000,000 WE SPENT DEVELOPING THE LETHOLENE FORMULA! YOU'LL FIND ENOUGH GAS IN *THIS* FOR YOUR PURPOSES, BENTON!

SINCE YOU'RE STAYING ABOARD-- THINK I'LL HAVE TROUBLE GETTING THIS OFF THE PIER?

I'LL O.K. YOUR PASS! BY THE WAY, HOLD ON TO IT-- IN CASE YOU HAVE TO COME OUT AGAIN!

On the pier--

GUESS EVERYTHING'S IN ORDER, SIR! DON'T LOSE THAT PASS!

POLICE SIRENS! ARE THEY COMING HERE?

MP

HOWDY, BOB! CAN WE DROP YOU OFF SOMEWHERE?

H'M! I CAN GUESS WHO'S BEHIND **THIS!**

DON'T ASK **US!** ORDERS CAME FROM INSPECTOR MULLINS!

THE COPS! SWING IN THERE, LIMPY!

SCREECH!

I **KNEW** WILLMOTT SHOULDN'T HAVE SENT US OUT TO DITCH THIS HOT CAR-- RIGHT AFTER THAT BANK JOB!

IF THAT MUG RATES A HEAVY POLICE GUARD-- **IT MIGHT PAY TO FIND WHERE HE'S GOING!**

After a furtive chase--

GAVE ME A CREEPY FEELING TO BE **FOLLOWING** COPS-- **BUT THAT'S THE PLACE!**

DON'T FORGET, BOB-- YOU OWE US A COUPLE OF COKES!

BENTON PHARMACY

BEN PHAR

That night--

SHE'S ALL LOADED, BOB! LET'S RIG UP A TARGET IN THE CELLAR!

NOT JUST NOW! I'LL NEED YOU TO GIVE ME A HAND **HERE!**

IS *THAT* THE STUFF THAT WAS IN THE MORTAR SHELL?

RIGHT! I'LL HAVE TO DETERMINE ITS COMPOSITION UNDER THE *SPECTROPHOTOMETER!*

IT'S A HIGHLY COMPLICATED FORMULA--ONE REASON WHY IT COST THE GOVERNMENT $10,000,000 TO PRODUCE!

Then--

THAT MAKES THINGS WORTH OUR TIME, BUD!

HOW ABOUT SWITCHING TO A *REAL* HEATER, RAT?

WAM!

OW!

GONNA BE TAKEN THE *HARD* WAY, HUH?

SOK!

WELL! *THAT'S* IT, MUGS---IN THE BOTTLE WITH THE CROOKED NECK!

HERE'S WHAT HE WAS CARRYING, WILLMOTT! BETTER TAKE IT!

A moment later--

COME ON, TIM! LETTING THEM GET AWAY WILL BE *DISASTROUS!*

YEAH? IT'S GONNA BE DISASTEROUS JUST *TRYING!*

GOT A YEN FOR SHOOTING, EH? MAKE WITH THOSE TOMMIES, BOYS!

THE LETHOLENE! GET IN HERE, TIM!

WOW! IF THAT STUFF WORKS-- THEY'LL BE DEAD IN A MINUTE!

BUT NOT THE LOOKOUTS THEY'VE PROBABLY POSTED OUTSIDE! HOP INTO YOUR COSTUME!

On a side alley--

SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE, IN THERE, JAKE!

SKIP IT! WE'RE GONNA HAVE OUR HANDS FULL *HERE!*

BENTON'S PHARMACY

BANG!

FIRST THING IS TO FIND WHERE YOU HEELS GOT YOUR INFORMATION!

IF YOU'RE ABLE TO TALK!

PON!

OOK!

Suddenly-- with shuddering force--

GREAT GUNS-- THE WALL'S BUCKLING!

RUNE!!

BAM!

Then--

I JUST TOUCHED THAT WALL, SEE-- GROPING FOR THE WINDOW!

HEY! THIS PILE OF BRICKS IS MOVING, WILLMOTT!

YE GODS! THEY'RE ALIVE, TIM-- AND CHANGED!

POW!

LOOK! THEIR BODIES HAVE HARDENED -- LIKE STONE STATUES!

WAM!

On a battering attack--

MAYBE WE CAN IMPROVE THEIR FEATURES!

THESE CHISELERS CERTAINLY FOUND SOMETHING TO WORK ON!

BLAM!

Suddenly--

LAST THING I DO-- GET EVEN-- ON THOSE BLACK DEVILS--!

TIM! DUCK BEHIND ME!

KA-POW!

With the Black Terror dazed--

WHATEVER THAT GAS DID TO US -- IT'S TOO GOOD TO WASTE HERE!

CHECK! WE'LL MOVE RIGHT ON TO OUR NEXT JOB!

WAK

A moment later--

THEY'RE NIGHTMARES, TERROR! WHAT DO YOU FIGURED HAPPENED TO THAT GAS?

I'LL DETERMINE THAT LATER! IMPORTANT THING IS TO FIND WHERE THEY'RE HEADED!

HE WAS CARRYING A FLOOR PLAN OF THE HUDSON FUR STORAGE COMPANY! THAT MUST BE IT, TIM!

GREAT! LET'S SHOW 'EM HOW TO MAKE THE FUR FLY!

Soon afterward--

WON'T BE TOO EXCITING-- BUT I WONDER HOW BOB'S MADE OUT WITH THAT GAS!

GOOD HEAVENS! I'D BETTER HAVE INSPECTOR MULLINS LOOK INTO THIS!

At police headquarters--

THEY'VE BOTH DISAPPEARED, INSPECTOR-- AND I'M SURE THAT BONE-DISSOLVING GAS IS BEHIND IT!

MUST BE THAT ULTRA-SECRET LETHOLENE WHAT A SCOOP!

Meanwhile--

HAH! THE VAULT WOULD BE OPEN THIS TIME-- WHEN WE'RE ABLE TO CRACK IT LIKE A PEANUT!

BLING!

DON'T BOTHER WITH ANYTHING BUT SABLE AND BROADTAIL; BOYS! WE CAN PEDDLE 'EM FOR FIVE GRAND APIECE!

Unexpectedly--

SKINNING OUT WITH THE SKINS, HUH?

AND A FEW MORE HIDES WHILE WE'RE AT IT, STRONG MAN!

POW!

SOK!

JEEPERS! THE AMMONIA PIPE!

POW!

ISSSSSS!

GREAT GADFREY-- *TIM'S INSIDE!*

HEY.. TERROR!

BLAM!

SOK!

HE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE WITH THOSE FUMES-- *UNLESS I GET HIM OUT FAST!*

SCRAM! I'LL FIND SOME WAY TO FIX *HIM!*

BANG!

I'M SORRY *THIS* HAD TO HAPPEN!

ONLY THING TO DO NOW IS LEARN WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT LETHOLENE-- *AND FIND A WAY TO COUNTERACT IT!*

Back at the shop--

THAT OLD POWDER-FLASK WAS *BONE! THAT LETHOLENE MUST HAVE DISSOLVED IT!*

THAT'S RIGHT, TIM! *THE SULPHUR IN THE GUNPOWDER RADICALLY CHANGED THE EFFECT OF THE GAS!*

INSTEAD OF *DESTROYING* BONE TISSUE-- THE GAS *OSSIFIED* EVERY CELL IN THOSE THUGS' BODIES! ONLY ONE THING WILL NORMALIZE THEM-- *PURE LETHOLENE!*

THERE'S *SOME* LETHOLENE LEFT IN THIS COIL--*BUT WE'D BETTER PLAY SAFE AND GET MORE!*

THE PHONE! I HAVE IT, TERROR!

BOB? I WAS *SURE* SOMETHING HAPPENED-- *AND TOLD THE POLICE ABOUT THE LETHOLENE!*

THE *BLACK TERROR* IS HELPING OUT, JEAN! TELL THE INSPECTOR IT WAS A FALSE ALARM-- *WE CAN'T RISK PUBLICITY!*

Meanwhile--

HEAR THAT NEWS FLASH, WILLMOTT? *THAT GAS WE GRABBED DISSOLVES BONE CELLS!*

IF THEY EVER USE THE *REST* OF IT ON *US*-- *WE'RE SUNK! WE'VE GOT TO FIND WHERE IT'S STORED!*

LISTEN TO *THIS!* "*PASS BOB BENTON WITH ONE LETHOLENE SHELL FROM ARMY BARGE 52 TO PIER 14!*"

WE'LL GET RID OF THE WHOLE LOAD-- *EXCEPT FOR JUST ENOUGH TO FIX THE BLACK TERROR!*

Soon afterward--

SORRY, MISTER! NO CIVILIANS ALLOWED ON THIS PIER!

HONEST? WE'RE JUST STAYING A MINUTE, SOLDIER--

--UNTIL WE CAN TAKE THAT LAUNCH TO BARGE 52!

I'LL GET HER STARTED, BOSS!

SOK!

Then--

WAIT! WE'VE GOT ANOTHER LITTLE JOB *FIRST!*

IT MAY BE *YOUR* JOB, RAT-- *BUT WE'RE GOING TO WORK!*

CAREFUL, TIM-- UNTIL I FIND SOME WAY OF USING THE GAS WITHOUT AFFECTING *US!*

POW!

ER-RRRSH!

WHAM!

From far out in the bay--

THAT MUG MUST HAVE HIT THE SWITCH! *THERE GOES THE BARGE!*

LOOK OUT, TERROR!

BOOM! KA-POW!

THANKS FOR LETTING YOUR GUARD DOWN, BUD!

SPLASH!

KRAK!

DUCK UNDERWATER, TIM! HERE'S THE CHANCE I WAS LOOKING FOR!

BAM!

WILLMOTT! IT-- IT'S-- DOING SOMETHING!

LETHOLENE! M-MAYBE WE'LL DISAPPEAR!

UNFORTUNATELY, RATS-- THERE WASN'T QUITE ENOUGH OF IT! *YOU'RE JUST BACK TO YOUR OLD REPULSIVE SELVES!*

SOK!

POW!

Later--

THE *BLACK TERROR* CHECKED SOMETHING FEARFUL, BOB-- BUT IT'S TOO BAD ALL THAT LETHOLENE WAS DESTROYED!

THE WAR DEPARTMENT JUST PHONED! AFTER THEY SAW HOW DANGEROUS THE GAS WAS-- *THEY'RE GLAD!*

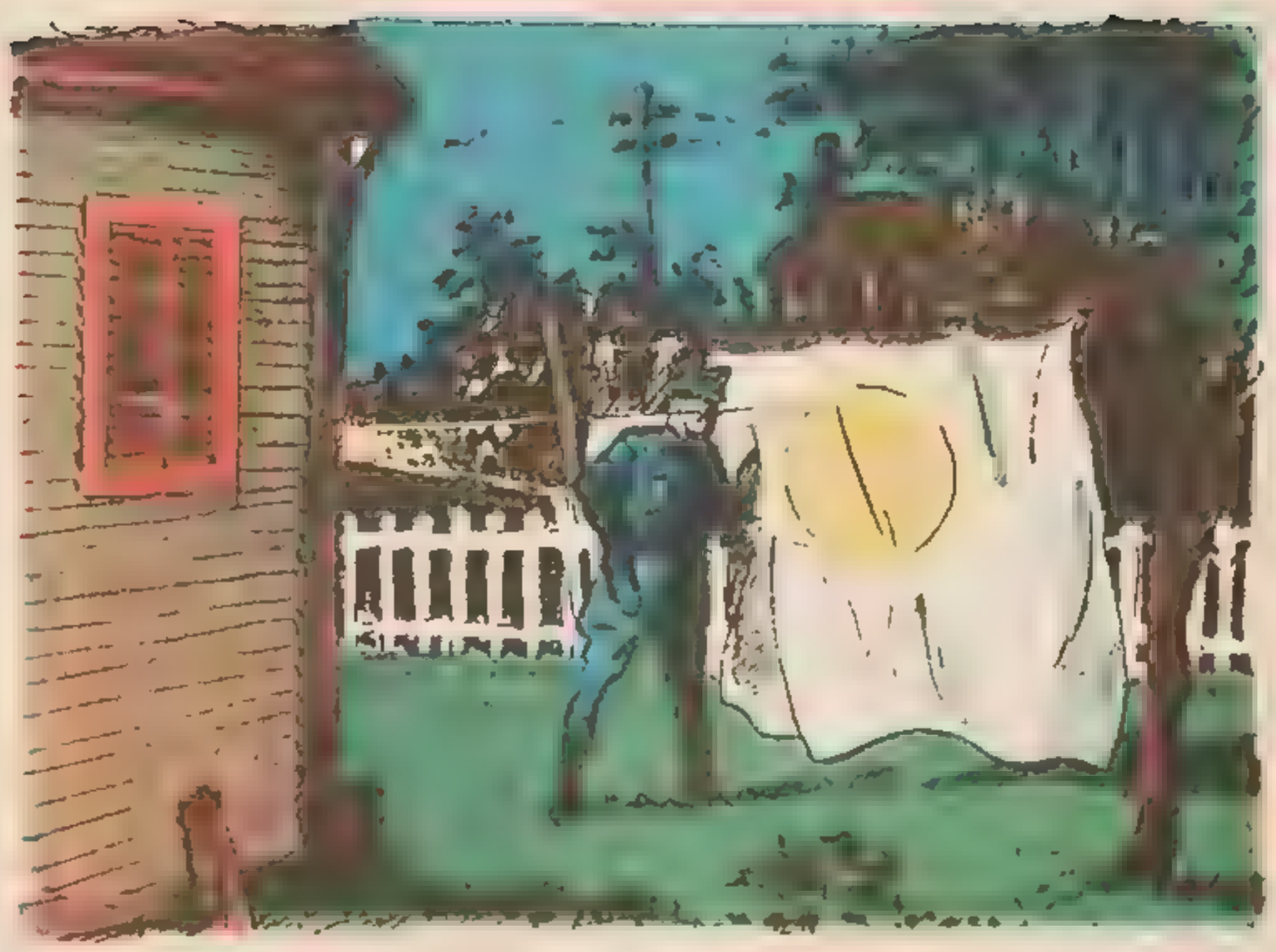
The Black Terror and *Tim* keep up their bang-up battle-- IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

THE HOTEL ROBBERS

By

GERALD DEVERS

Confronted by a Dangerous Pair of Criminals, Jimmy Doyle Puts His Wits to Work!



JIMMY DOYLE was a twelve-year-old boy who lived with his family in a small house on the state highway outside the city of Bankford. His brother was a trooper with the state police and Jimmy was very proud of big, husky Bob Doyle.

Tonight Bob was on duty at the State Police station two miles north from the house. Jimmy's mother and father had gone to the movies in town and the boy was alone in the house doing his lessons.

"There, I've finished my homework!" said Jimmy at length. "Guess I'll play with that postal card projector that Dad gave me for my birthday yesterday."

He got the projector, which was made with an electric light inside—and a focusing lens in the front. Jimmy turned out all the lights in the den and then switched on the projector. He put a postal card inside the machine and it appeared on the white wall in a large size. Then Jimmy got a pen and some paper and drew a picture which he projected on the wall after he had finished it.

Through the open window at the side of the house he saw a big white bedsheet that his mother had forgotten and left hanging on a clothes line. Jimmy was about to try another postal card in the machine when the doorbell suddenly rang.

"Wonder who that is?" he said as he switched off the projector. "I'd better go see."

He went to the front door and opened it. Two men stepped into the house and closed the door behind them. They were both hard-looking.

"Anybody home besides you, son?" asked one of the men.

"No, sir," said Jimmy. "What do you want?"

"We're visiting you," said the other man. "Why, we just put our car in your garage so we could stay a while."

In the living room the radio was turned on and some music was coming from the local station.

It suddenly stopped.

"We interrupt this program for a special news flash," came the voice of the announcer. "Two men held up the Bankford Hotel half an hour ago. They stole ten thousand dollars in cash, and escaped in a black sedan, heading south along the state highway. One of the men has a scar on his left cheek."

Jimmy gazed at the scar on the cheek of the smaller of the two strangers.

"All right, son," said the man with the scar. "That radio flash was about us. We decided to stay here until things die down. The roads are all blocked. If your folks come back it will be just too bad for them."

They led the boy into the living room. Jimmy was worried. He knew that his brother Bob would pass the house on his motorcycle at nine while on patrol duty.

"I guess you might as well make yourselves comfortable," said Jimmy. "I'll get you some of Dad's cigars. They are in the den."

"Get them," said the man with the scar. "But don't try to get away."

Jimmy went into the dark den. He remained there a few moments and then returned with a box of cigars, closing the door of the den behind him as he stepped out. The men took the cigars and lighted them. It was not more than twenty minutes later that state troopers appeared at doors and windows, their guns covering the two men.

"Good thing I noticed a light gleaming on that sheet in the side yard," said Bob Doyle, looking proudly at his brother. "I went closer and saw that Jimmy had written 'Hotel Robbers Here in House' and placed the paper in his postal card projector so that the message was projected out on the sheet. I got the rest of the troopers and brought them here at once. Nice work, Jimmy. I'm proud of you!"

JOLLY TOLLY

♫ A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE, A HOME ON TH' ROLLIN' DEEP ♫

AC-420

♫ WHERE THE SCATTERED WATERS---- OH! OH! SOMEBODYS AT THE DOOR! ♫

RRING A-R-RING!

RING! RING!

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!

OOOPS!

DOGGONE THAT SOAP!-- OKAY! OKAY! I'M COMING!

RING! RING!

1

IT MUST BE A WIRE OR SOMETHING IMPORTANT-- OR HE'D HAVE GONE BY NOW!

RING

AGAIN!

LET'S SEE--WHERE WAS I? OH, YES! TH' DOOR!

RING!

BUMP

BUMP

BUMP

BUMP

I'M DOWN HERE AND ALIVE ANYWAY! AND I'M NOT GETTING UP WITHOUT THIS SOAP IN MY HAND!!

SOAP

WELL, WELL! THIS IS A COINCIDENCE! READY FOR TH' BATH, EH? WELL, I HAVE HERE A WONDERFUL SOAP I'M SELLING!

SOAP

SLAM!

MY! SUCH SALES-RESISTANCE!

SOAP

SOAP

SOAP

SOAP

The BLACK TERROR

THE NAZIS DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO USE THE **TREMORADE**--THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE INSTRUMENT OF WAR EVER INVENTED! BUT IT'S JUST AS DANGEROUS IN THE HANDS OF THE CRIMINALS INTO WHOSE POSSESSION IT FALLS-- READY TO START A CAMPAIGN OF ANNIHILATION UNTIL **THE BLACK TERROR** HUNTS THEM DOWN!

CC-576

ON THE REAR OF BOB BENTON'S PHARMACY--

EVEN IF THAT POWDER **DOES** THROW OFF **GREEN SMOKE** WHEN DROPPED INTO WATER -- I DON'T THINK IT'S MUCH OF A DISCOVERY, BOB!

BUT THINK OF WHAT IT WOULD MEAN TO A PILOT FORCED DOWN AT SEA, JEAN! CAN **YOU** THINK OF ANYTHING MORE IMPORTANT?

OFFHAND-- **YES!** HAVE YOU SEEN **THIS?**

H'M-- "**SECRET OF CAPTURED GERMAN MYSTERY WEAPON HINGES ON COMPLEX CHEMICAL FORMULA**"!

IF THE GERMANS HAD USED THAT THING-- ***THEY MIGHT HAVE WON THE WAR IN A WEEK!*** IT'S YOUR ***DUTY*** TO HELP FIND WHAT MAKES IT TICK!

WHO-- ***ME?*** THE ARMY HAS ***LOADS*** OF EXPERTS!

THEY COULD USE ***ANOTHER***, MR. BENTON— ***OR ARE YOU TOO TIMID?***

ALL RIGHT! SINCE YOU PUT IT ***THAT*** WAY--

MINUTES LATER--AT THE WAR DEPARTMENT--WASHINGTON--

WHO--***BENTON?*** THIS ***IS*** STRANGE--WE WERE JUST CONSIDERING ASKING YOUR ADVICE! YOUR SCIENTIFIC ARTICLES INDICATE A LOT OF KNOW-HOW IN CHEMICAL RESEARCH!

NATURALLY YOU'LL HAVE TO BRING ADEQUATE IDENTIFICATION! WHEN CAN WE EXPECT YOU?

WHY...***ULP!*** TOMORROW AFTERNOON, I GUESS!

IDENTIFICATION! I WONDER IF THIS WON'T BE ***DANGEROUS!***

TUT-TUT! I'M GOING RIGHT BACK TO CITY HALL-- AND GET YOU A LETTER FROM MAYOR BRANT HIMSELF!

AFTER JEAN LEAVES--

IT SAYS HERE THAT THE DESTRUCTIVE POWER OF THE MACHINE DEPENDS ON A MYSTERIOUS GAS! SOUNDS PRETTY BIG, HUH?

DEFINITELY, TIM! AND BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH--***WE MAY FIND IT BIG ENOUGH FOR THE BLACK TERROR!***

SOON AFTERWARD--

ASIDE FROM THESE NEW FRANCHISES--THERE'S NOT MUCH NEWS FOR THE "DAILY HERALD" TODAY, FRED!

MR. BRANT! BOB BENTON'S GOING TO WASHINGTON TO HELP THE ARMY WITH THAT GERMAN SUPER-WEAPON!

I PROMISED YOU'D GIVE HIM A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION BEFORE HE LEAVES TOMORROW!

WOW! THIS *IS* A SCOOP!

THAT NIGHT--

AFTER FIVE YEARS OF EXPERIMENTING ON MY NEW EXPLOSIVE, RAFFERTY-- *I'M NOT GOING TO GIVE UP BECAUSE I LACK JUST ONE UNKNOWN CHEMICAL!*

BALONEY! WE WOULDN'T *HAVE* TO BUST INTO BANK VAULTS--*IF WE COULD GET OUR HANDS ON SOMETHING LIKE THIS!*

LOCAL CHEMIST TO UNRIDDLE NAZI SUPER-WEAPON

VERY INTERESTING! BUT WHO'D HAVE A *CHANCE* OF GETTING IT FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT?

BOB BENTON! WITH A LITTLE PREPARATION, DUNKEL-- *YOU* CAN BE *HIM!*

GUESS EVERYTHING'S READY, TIM-- *INCLUDING MY BLACK TERROR COSTUME UNDER MY STREET CLOTHES!*

HERE'S JEAN! YOU ALMOST FORGOT THAT LETTER!

I'M SURE THE MAYOR'S LETTER WILL CARRY A LOT OF WEIGHT, BOB! GOT ANYTHING ELSE?

OH, SURE! DRAFT CARD-- AND A-- PHARMACIST'S CERTIFICATE--

THAT'S *DANDY*, CHUM! *WE'LL TAKE 'EM ALL!*

NOT IF WE TAKE YOU *FIRST*, RAT!

TWO MORE COMING IN, TIM!

BANG!

WHAM!

DON!

HEAVENS, BOB! BE CAREFUL!

WE CAN HANDLE *THEM* TO BOOT-- *WHAT I MEAN!*

GRAB THAT PISTOL-- JEAN!

I WOULDN'T HAVE CALLED THAT A BRIGHT IDEA, CHICK!

BOB.. HELP ME!

AS BOB TURNS--

WE'RE NOT TAKING ANY NONSENSE FROM A COMMON PILL-ROLLER!

THAT GOES DOUBLE FOR *YOU*, SHRIMP!

SOK!

CRAK!

OKAY! GET SOME ROPE AROUND *HER*, TOO!

WONDERFUL! THERE ARE ENOUGH PAPERS HERE TO FOOL BENTON'S OWN MOTHER!

JUST TIME ENOUGH TO MAKE THE PLANE! DON'T BUMP OFF BENTON *YET*-- I MAY HAVE TO PHONE FOR A FEW POINTERS!

CHECK! GIVE US A RING ANYWAY-- ABOUT HOW YOU MAKE OUT!

TWO HOURS LATER--

TIME'S HANGING RATHER HEAVY, LADY!

SHE'S IN NO MOOD FOR GAMES, APE! ON THE OTHER HAND--

--I'M ALWAYS WILLING TO JOIN IN THE FUN!

THIS ISN'T GONNA BE FUN, BUB!

CRASH!

SMASH!

HISSSSS!

THEN--

WHAT DID YOU DUMP INTO THAT SINK, RAFFERTY? IT'S MAKING GREEN SMOKE!

I COULDN'T OPEN UP BEFORE WITH JEAN WATCHING-- BUT THIS LOOKS LIKE MY CHANCE!

CONCEALED BY THE SWIRLING PALL--

BETTER WORK FAST-- BEFORE THE SMOKE SCREENS THEM!

JUST WATCH MY SMOKE, RATS!

SOK!

POW!

THE BLACK TERROR! (KAFF! KAFF!) HOW'D HE GET HERE?

BANG!

HEY.. TERROR! JEAN'S FAINTED!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF HER, TIM! BREAK LOOSE-- AND GET INTO YOUR COSTUME!

WHAM!

A MOMENT LATER--

AR-RRK! WE'RE LUCKY THE GIRL NEEDED HELP!

SHAKE IT UP-- BEFORE THAT DEVIL GETS AFTER US!

HOW IS SHE, TERROR?

COMING AROUND FAST-- NOW THAT THE SMOKE'S CLEARING!

DON'T WORRY-- BENTON'S SAFE! HE RUSHED OUT WITH TIM-- SAYING SOMETHING ABOUT GETTING TO WASHINGTON IN A HURRY!

TERROR, YOU'VE *GOT* TO HELP HIM! *NOW HURRY TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT!*

ON A LONG DISTANCE PHONE CALL--

SORRY-- BENTON JUST LEFT! SAID HE WAS IN A HURRY TO EXAMINE OUR WORKING MODEL OF THE *TREMORADE* IN HIS LABORATORY!

WORKING MODEL! DO YOU MEAN TO SAY HE HAS A MACHINE THAT *WILL ACT JUST AS THE GERMANS INTENDED?*

SHE'S NOT KIDDING! THINK DUNKEL IS THERE BY NOW?

LONG AGO! I ONLY HOPE HE WAS DETAINED-- *SO WE CAN HAVE HIM NABBED BEFORE HE LEAVES!*

MEANWHILE--AT BOB'S SHOP--

GOODNESS! THAT SMOKE MADE ME HOARSE! HOPE I'M UNDERSTANDABLE!

R-R-RRRING!

THIS *YOU* RAFFERTY? YOU SOUND MIGHTY STRANGE!

HEAVENS-- IT'S DUNKEL!

JUST A BAD CONNECTION, FOOL! HOW'D YOU MAKE OUT?

AN IMPOSTOR! GREAT SCOTT-- WE WON'T BE ABLE TO REACH THE AIRPORT IN TIME TO STOP HIM!

NEVER MIND, MAJOR-- I'LL TRY TO GRAB HIM AT *THIS* END!

I GOT IT! GET RID OF BENTON AND THE OTHER TWO-- AND WAIT FOR ME AT THE MALVERN HILL PLACE!

NORTHBOUND PLANE NOW LOADING ON RUNWAY!

WHEREVER THE BLACK TERROR IS-- HE'S TOO LATE! I'VE GOT TO FIND THAT HIDEOUT ON MALVERN HILL!

SORRY I HAVEN'T A GUN-- BUT MAYBE WHAT'S LEFT OF BOB'S SMOKE POWDER WILL COME IN HANDY!

MEANWHILE-- AT THE MUNICIPAL AIRPORT--

NO-- NOTHING WRONG, TERROR! JUST WAITING TO PICK UP AN EXTRADITED PRISONER COMING IN ON THE WASHINGTON PLANE!

I CAN'T PROMISE, SERGEANT-- BUT MAYBE WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER PASSENGER FOR YOU!

AN HOUR LATER--

THERE IT IS, TERROR!

KEEP DOWN, TIM! I DON'T WANT US SPOTTED UNTIL DUNKEL IS OFF THE PLANE!

BUT AS THE TRANSPORT CIRCLES--

THE POLICE! THUNDERATION! THERE'S BEEN A SLIP SOMEWHERE!

HA! THOSE ARMY EXPERTS DIDN'T KNOW WHAT A FAVOR THEY WERE DOING-- EXPLAINING HOW TO USE THESE HYPER-AMPLIFIED RADIO WAVES!

AN INSTANT LATER--

GOLLY, TERROR-- THE WHOLE AIRFIELD'S SHAKING!

THERE GOES THE BEACON MAST--DIRECTLY TOWARD THAT POLICE TRUCK!

WITH THE GROUND SHUDDERING VIOLENTLY--

SORRY, MEN-- BUT IT'S A LOT GENTLER THAN A FEW TONS OF STEEL!

WHAT A BREAK-- WITH DUNKEL SCOOTING OUT OF THE PLANE!

WEREN'T YOU EVER WARNED AGAINST HITCHING RIDES, LITTLE MAN?

AS DUNKEL RACES OFF--

GREAT GADFREY-- HE'S ALIVE!

COME ON, TIM! LET'S GET ROLLING!

BANG!

BANG!

NO DICE, TERROR-- HE'S OUT OF SIGHT!

THIS ROAD HASN'T MANY JUNCTIONS! WE'LL KEEP GOING-- AND TRUST TO LUCK!

MINUTES LATER--

THIS IS THE PLACE! IF ONLY THE **BLACK TERROR** WERE HERE TO HELP ME!

HAH! AT THE MOMENT, HE NEEDS SOMEONE TO HELP **HIM!**

GOOD HEAVENS! DUNKEL!

WHY NOT COME IN--AND GIVE THE BOYS A **DOUBLE** SURPRISE?

NOW WE **CAN** FORGET ABOUT MY EXPLOSIVE! THIS THING HITS LIKE AN **EARTHQUAKE ANYWHERE I CHOOSE!**

YEAH! WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE?

I'VE JUST LEFT THE **BLACK TERROR**, RAFFERTY-- **WITH HALF THE AIRPORT SMEARED ON TOP OF HIM!**

OH-H!

YOU MEAN YOU JUST HAVE TO DIAL IT LIKE A RADIO-- **AND IT WORKS ANYWHERE?**

SUPPOSE WE PICK A TARGET AT RANDOM-- **POLICE HEADQUARTERS,** SAY!

UNEXPECTEDLY--

I DON'T THINK MUCH OF MY CHANCES-- **BUT IT'S WORTH A GAMBLE!**

SORRY, LADY-- **BUT YOU LOSE!**

I'M (KAFF!) CHOKING! OPEN (KAFF-KAFF!) THE WINDOWS!

WAM!

TIE THIS SMART GIRL TO THAT TREE OUTSIDE! WE'RE GONNA HAVE A DEMONSTRATION OF THE TREMORADE AT CLOSE RANGE!

THEN--ON THE ROAD BELOW--

LOOK OUT, TERROR! ISN'T THAT GREEN SMOKE FAMILIAR?

THEY'RE DRAGGING A GIRL FROM THE HOUSE! GREAT GUNS.. IT'S JEAN!

OH--OH! WATCH 'EM, TIGE!

I'LL LEAVE THESE MUGS TO YOU, TIM!

NEVER MIND THE BOYS, DUNKEL-- START SENDING WITH THAT MACHINE!

WAM!

ON A HEADLONG RUSH--

YOU WON'T HAVE ANY BETTER LUCK WITH IT THAN THE NAZIS, RAT!

SOK!

AN INSTANT LATER--

BARROOM!

OUT OF THE HEAPED WRECKAGE--

THANK HEAVEN-- HE'S SAFE!

IRONICAL THAT THE MISSING-- CHEMICAL-- FOR MY EXPLOSIVE-- SHOULD BE THE SECRET GAS--IN THE TREMORADE!

IT'S THE OLD STORY, DUNKEL-- OF TWO MENACES THAT CANCEL EACH OTHER OUT!

The BLACK TERROR HAMMERS OUT ANOTHER TRIUMPH-- in OUT NEXT ISSUE!

ICE CREAM PIE

By

CHARLES S. STRONG

Jerry Callan Faces Sudden Peril at the Hands of a Trio of Hold-Up Men!

JERRY CALLAN was just starting on an excellent job for the summer. His friend Mike Daly owned a big dairy and ice cream plant on the outskirts of Morristown, and Jerry was learning how to turn out ice cream specialties.

He worked away on the second floor of the plant, and when he had his ice cream pies moulded and ready for boxing, he placed them on an elevator which took them down to the packing room.

He was in the midst of the job when suddenly he looked through the window into the office where Mike Daly was working on the payroll for the hundred or more employees in the place.

"Gosh," said Jerry Callan. "It's a hold-up! I'd better tell the men downstairs."

"Not so fast," a man called to him from the doorway. "You wouldn't want to have any trouble, would you?"

Jerry saw now that the lookout for the bandits was standing at the door with a gun in his hand. Apparently the hold-up men had come up the fire escape and climbed into the office that way. There were three of them.

"No trouble from me," Jerry said. And he went on with his work, hiding his excitement as best he could.

Now and then the lookout glanced into the office to see how his friends were making out. Jerry could see Mike Daly gathering up the payroll money and stuffing it into a bag as one of the men stood over him and supervised the job.

"You're not going to do anything to Mike, are you?" the boy asked.

"Nothing much," the bandit promised him. "We may have to tie him up and gag him so he can't shout or get to the telephone. And we'll be doing the same thing for you."

Jerry Callan acted as though he didn't like this at all, but he was a courageous young fellow, and he went on decorating his ice cream specialties and loading them on the dumbwaiter under the watchful eye of the lookout.

Finally the two men in the office were finished with their job of tying up Mike Daly and they came into the moulding room.

"Okay, Frank," said the leader. "Get hold of that kid and do a good job on him. This is one time we're getting away clean."

Jerry Callan backed away from his work table as Frank Walsh, the lookout, came toward him and finally started tying up his hands.

He fought a bit, but the three men ganged up on him, and he realized that it was hopeless to resist.

Finally the thieves were satisfied with the job, and they backed to the window and the fire escape, the leader carrying the loot.

"This is as far as you go, boys," a grim voice declared.

Frank Walsh whirled around and aimed a bullet at the window. A blue-clad policeman fired back and Walsh dropped his gun. Irate milk wagon and ice cream drivers came swarming up the stairs and closed with the crooks. One of them released Mike Daly.

"Good work, boys," Mike Daly declared. "You sure deserve a bonus for this. How did you get wise?"

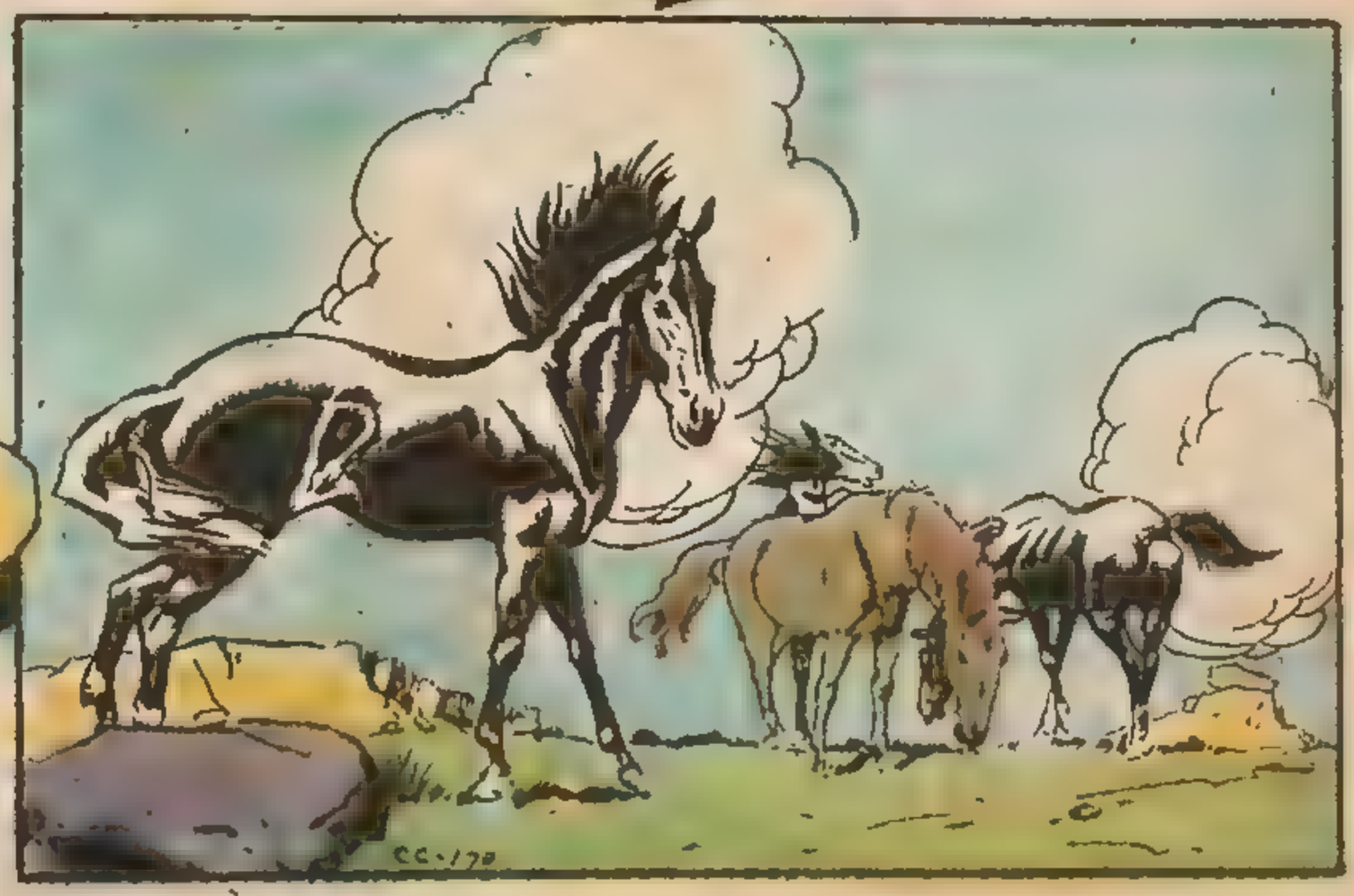
"It must have been the kid," laughed Joe Dillon, a husky ice cream driver. "All afternoon we've been getting these ice cream pies with a little American flag on them and frozen ice cream that says 'Celebrating July 4th.' Suddenly a couple come down that said 'Help, Hold-up.' We figured we ought to do something about it."

Mike Daly congratulated the lad and went over to look at the letter forms. Jerry Callan chuckled as he rearranged them correctly and went on with his fancy ice cream designs.

THUNDERHOOF

FEW BUT THE OLDEST SETTLERS WILL REMEMBER THE SAN MORALES VALLEY AS IT WAS SEVENTY YEARS AGO··· IN THAT QUICK-PULSED TIME WHEN ARIZONA PROMISED WEALTH AND ADVENTURE··· A SUDDEN VOLLEY ECHOING THROUGH THE CRAGGY CANYONS···OR A PEACEFUL HOMESTEAD IN THE COTTONWOODS! BUT WHILE THE OLD MEMORY-BURDENED NAMES ENDURE, AMONG THEM SHALL BE THAT OF THUNDERHOOF···THE GREAT STALLION; UNTAMED AND UNRIVALLED, WHO LED HIS HERD THROUGH THE WILD FREE DAYS OF ARIZONA'S PAST!

DAWN CAST ITS GOLDEN HAZE OVER THE SAN MORALES ···AND THUNDERHOOF, STIRRING, CAUGHT THE SCENT OF NEARING DANGER!



GUIDING HIS HERD THROUGH A GULLY··· THE HUGE STEED WAITED···READY TO MEET THE INTRUDER!

BUT···WITH SCARCELY A GLANCE AT THUNDERHOOF··· THE RIDER WENT HIS WAY!

HORSES? RED SPEAR NO NEED CATCHUM HORSES NOW!

NEXT DAY···AND THE NEXT···ALWAYS AT THE AMBER SUNRISE···

HOW KOLA, THUNDERHOOF! YOU PRETTY QUICK KNOW RED SPEAR, EH?

SOON AFTERWARD···AT MESA JUNCTION···

RED SPEAR WANTUM NEW GUN···BARREL OF FLOUR··· TEN YARDS 'CALICO···AN'···

WHOA UP, INJUN! NO DINERO··· NO TRADE!

RED SPEAR *WANT*···AND RED SPEAR *PAY!*

LAND O' GOSHEN! GOLD!

JUST RECEIVED! DRY GOODS, CHEESE, TRAPS, IRONWARE, & ST. LOUIS NEWSPAPERS

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES ELECTED PRESIDENT!!

JUST OUTSIDE···

JUMPIN' HOPTOADS! DO *YOU* KNOW OF ANY GOLD IN THESE PARTS, GOWAN?

AIN'T NEVER TOO LATE TUH *LEARN!* *LET'S GIT, HOMBRES!*

GENERAL S

VAMOSE! WE'LL WAIT 'TIL HE GITS CLEAR O' TOWN!

ALONG THE LONELY TRAIL...

A-A-AGH!

GRAB THE CRITTER, BOYS!

'IT DON'T PAY TO GIT MULISH WITH *TEX GOWAN*, INJUN! *WHAR'D YUH FIND THAT GOLD?*

YOU MAKEUM PLENTY NOISE--- PLENTY TROUBLE --- *BUT NO MAKEUM RED SPEAR TALK!*

I'VE GOT AN IDEE YUH'LL TAKE A MITE OF COAXIN', CRITTER!

WAK!

FOR TEN MINUTES... A BRUTAL ONSLAUGHT!

YUH SURE IT'S WORTH ALL THIS TROUBLE, GOWAN?

WHEN I FIX TUH GIT MUH HANDS ON GOLD---*I GIT IT!*

WAM!

CRAK!

YUH WON'T LIKE A BRANDIN'-IRON *EITHER*, INJUN! *HOW ABOUT IT?*

FINDUM GOLD ..SOUTH FORK ..SAN MORALES..

THAT'S ABOUT ALL WE'LL GIT FROM *HIM*, GOWAN! *HE'S DEAD!*

BLAZES! THAT SOUTH FORK O' THE SAN MORALES IS NIGH ONTO FOUR MILES SQUARE!

WE CAN'T GO SNOOPIN' AROUND--THAT'S RANDY LATHAM'S PROPITTY! BUT IF WE COULD GIT HIM TUH *MORTGAGE* IT---

IT'S MORTGAGED *NOW*, GOWAN! LATHAM AIMS TUH PAY UP BY SELLIN' HIS BEEF HERD THIS FALL!

BUT IF THAR AIN'T NO HERD TUH SELL--- *HE'LL LOSE THE RANCH, EH?*

Later...AT THE MESA JUNCTION STOCKYARD...

MY ORDERS ARE TUH *SHOOT* THE CRITTERS, GOWAN! HOOF AN' MOUTH DISEASE IS *CATCHIN'*!

WE KIN USE 'EM FER WOLF-BAIT, RUFE! HOW ABOUT FIFTY DOLLARS FER THE PAIR?

THAT NIGHT...NEAR THUNDERHOOF'S RANGING GROUND...

KI-YI! GIT MOVIN', YUH CROW-BAIT!

SIMPLE, AIN'T IT? IN TWO DAYS LATHAM WON'T HAVE NARY A STEER TUH HIS NAME--- *AN' THEN WE'LL TAKE OVER!*

SUDDENLY...THE SHARP BEAT OF RACING HOOFS!

LOOKS LIKE A WILD HOSS, GOWAN!

SUFFERIN' SASSAFRAS! HE'S CHARGIN' US!

DISTRUSTFUL OF ALL STRANGERS ...THE MIGHTY STALLION ATTACKS!

WAM!

BANG!

YOW-W!

I AIN'T SEEN THE MUSTANG YET THAT KIN BUFFALO ME!

HIT YURE SADDLE, BOSS! HE'S A KILLER!

WITH THE FURY OF BLACK LIGHTNING...

OW-W! GIT A ROPE ON HIM!

QUICK, GOWAN... AFORE HE YANKS ME INTER THE NEXT COUNTY!

TURN THE CRITTER LOOSE, JED! I AIM TUH PLUG HIM WHILE HE'S RUNNIN'!

With THUNDERHOOF MOMENTARILY CHECKED...

BUT AS HIS QUARRY DODGES... GOWAN FIRES WANTONLY INTO THE HERD!

"THIS'LL BE MY LAND PURTY SOON...AN' THEN I'LL DO A BETTER JOB!

BANG! BANG!

ESCAPE WHILE YOU CAN, GOWAN...FOR IF YOU AND THIS RAGING STEED MEET AGAIN...

NEXT NIGHT... LATHAM'S ENTIRE HERD IS STRICKEN!

Then... LIKE GREY PHANTOMS SEEKING THEIR HELPLESS PREY...

AO-OO-OO-OO!

IN THE PATH OF THE ONCOMING PACK...

TRAPPED... THE STRAY COLT FACES THE FANGED KILLERS!

BEFORE THE WOLVES CAN TURN... THUNDERHOOF STRIKES IN A FURIOUS CHARGE!

But STAR-DUST... WATCH-ING NEARBY... RAISES A SHRILL NEIGH OF ALARM!

WHAM!

YIPE!

There IS NO CHALLENGE THUNDERHOOF CANNOT MEET ... WHETHER FROM THE SAVAGE CREATURES OF THE PLAINS...

KI-YI!

WUMP!

...OR THE CREATURE CALLED MAN!

HEH! JEST WAIT UNTIL LATHAM TRIES TUH GIT EXTRY TIME ON HIS MORTGAGE--- AN' FINDS I'VE BOUGHT IT!

NEXT MORNING.. THE LATHAMS MAKE A STUNNING DISCOVERY!

GOOD HEAVENS, DAD---WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE HERD?

DEAD... EVERY ONE OF 'EM! THIS PLUMB RUINS US, ANN!

HOOF AN' MOUTH DISEASE...AN' NOT A SIGN OF IT THREE DAYS AGO!

LOOK! THAT'S NOT YOUR QUIRT, IS IT?

IT'S GOT THE LETTERS "TG" ON THE HANDLE! UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS---THAT MEANS TEX GOWAN!

NO MATTER WHAT WE THINK, DAD... IT DOESN'T PROVE GOWAN KILLED OUR STOCK!

RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT, ANN! MEBBE THE BANK WILL GIVE US AN EXTENSION ON THE MORTGAGE! IF NOT---

At THE MESA JUNCTION BANK...

I'D BE GLAD TO HELP YOU OUT, LATHAM---BUT TEX GOWAN GAVE ME FIVE HUNDRED MORE THAN THE MORTGAGE WAS WORTH, AND---

HE BOUGHT IT, EH? THAR'S A REASON BEHIND IT--- AN' I AIM TUH SAVVY WHAT!

OUTSIDE GOWAN'S QUARTERS ABOVE THE PACK RAT SALOON...

WAL, BOYS---NOW THAT WE PRACTIC'LY OWN LATHAM'S RANCH ---S'POSE WE MOSEY OUT TUH THE SOUTH FORK AN' LOOK FER THAT GOLD?

GOLD! SO THAT'S WHAT THOSE POLE-CATS ARE AFTER!

HASTILY...LATHAM GALLOPS BACK TO THE SAN MORALES!

MEBBE THAT GEOLOGIST MADE A MISTAKE TEN YEARS AGO! IF THAR IS GOLD--- IT'S OUR'N!

YOU CAN'T SHOOT IT OUT WITH THE WHOLE GANG, DAD! STAY HERE---AND LET ME SEE WHAT I CAN FIND!

BUT AS ANN RIDES ACROSS THE VALLEY...

LOOK THAR, GOWAN! AIN'T THAT THE LATHAM GAL?

KERRECT! LET'S GIT AHOLT OF HER---AN' SEE WHAT SHE KNOWS!

DISMOUNTING---THE ROGUES LEAP AT THE UNSUSPECTING GIRL!

LET ME GO! I DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT THAT GOLD!

YUH DON'T, EH? WAL--- I THINK DIFF'RENT!

IF YUH DON'T KNOW WHAR THE GOLD IS---HOW COME YUH SAVVY WHAT WE'RE LOOKIN' FER?

A HALF-MILE OFF... THUNDERHOOF IS ROUSED BY A WARNING SCENT!

FIRED BY VENGEANCE... THE STALLION RUSHES TO ATTACK!

UF!

YOW-W!

BALLS O' FIRE! IT'S THAT MURDERIN' MUSTANG!

WAM!

AS GOWAN FLEES ACROSS THE GULLIED PLAIN...

MY LAST (PUFF) BULLET! THAT BLACK (PUFF) DEMON'S GAININ'...

BANG!

A CHANCE MISSTEP ...AND...

YA-AGH!

ANN RACES BACK TO THE RANCH FOR HER FATHER!

WE KILLED RED SPEAR... AN' YOUR STEERS ...THINKIN' WE COULD...

TAN MUH HIDE! LOOK THAR, ANN!

HALF-CONCEALED IN THE TANGLED UNDERBRUSH...

GOODNESS! THEN THAT'S THE GOLD THEY WERE LOOKING FOR!

MUST HAVE BEEN ONE O' THE OLD GOLD WAGONS ON THE TUCSON TRAIL--WRECKED WHEN THE MULE TEAM BOLTED! WE'VE GOT A BIGGER GRUBSTAKE THAN EVER, ANN --- AN' I KNOW WHO WE KIN THANK FER IT!

Next day... A NEW SIGN WAS POSTED IN THE SAN MORALES!

PRIVATE PROPERTY

ANYONE ENTERING THIS RANCH, OR BOTHERING THE THUNDERHOOF HERD FOR ANY REASON, WILL BE SHOT AT A PISTOLE!

A.M. FROEHLICH

TRAPPER'S SON

By

SYLVESTER JOYCE

Young Mountain Lad, Billy Parker, Has His Own Way of Handling a Tough Pair of Fur Thieves!

A CHILL wind whistled outside the trapper's cabin back in the mountains. Snow drifted against the glass of the windows. Tom Parker looked at the stack of furs piled up in one corner and then smiled at his son.

"We've done well with our fur trapping these past months, Billy," said the trapper. "Got some mighty fine pelts in that pile there."

"That's right, Dad," said Billy. "But that mountain lion skin we're stretching and drying out in the leanto is the best skin of all."

The twelve-year-old boy moved closer to the stove, for it was a bit chilly in the cabin and the fire felt good. As soon as the storm was over the trapper and his son planned to take their furs down to the nearest town, ten miles below the mountains.

Billy glanced up and looked at his father in surprise as there was a loud knocking on the door of the cabin. Parker frowned and then went to the door and drew it open. A snow-covered figure stumbled in out of the storm, and a second man followed.

"We were lost," said the first man weakly. "Near froze to death before we spotted the lights burning through the windows of the cabin and came here."

"That's right," said the second man. "I'm Martin Lance, and this is my partner, Joe Kerry." Lance was a big, hard-faced man, his partner was small and furtive-eyed. "Shore is good to get in out of the storm."

"I'm Tom Parker," said the trapper, "and this is my son, Billy."

"The fire in the stove is getting low," said Billy. "I'll get some wood from that pile we have in the leanto, Dad."

The boy put on his lumberjacket and cap and stepped out through the front door of the cabin. He closed it behind him and plowed through the snow to the shed that was built at one side of the cabin. He got the wood and started back. He peered in through the window and then stood staring.

Martin Lance was covering Tom Parker with a gun, while Joe Kerry was bundling up the furs in the corner.

"Why, they are thieves!" exclaimed Billy. "And they're going to steal our furs! I'll have to get help. Seth Jones and Lem Baker have a cabin over south of here. I'll get help there."

He moved away from the window, dropping the armful of wood in the snow. Kerry opened the front door and peered out.

"Got to find that kid," he called back over his shoulder. "Can't let him get away—might mean trouble for us."

Billy ducked back into the leanto and disappeared in the shadows. A few minutes later a tawny form went crawling across the snow. Joe Kerry uttered a shout as he saw it.

"Mountain lion!" he exclaimed. "And I have no gun!"

He ran back into the cabin, searching for a rifle. He found Parker's Winchester and hurried out — but the crawling form had disappeared. Kerry spent half an hour searching for the mountain lion and the boy but did not find either. Finally he returned to the cabin.

"The boy is hiding somewhere," he said. "Tie up Parker and we'll take the furs and get away from here, Martin."

They tied up the trapper, bundled up the furs and were about to leave when two men stepped into the cabin with guns in their hands. The fur-thieves were quickly captured by the trappers. Billy had brought back to the cabin.

"Smart trick, putting on that mountain lion's skin and pretending you were one of them critters so you could crawl away, Billy," said Seth Jones. "If those crooks thought you were just Tom Parker's son they would have caught you before you could reach us!"

Buttin' Button

by Don Arr

HMMM-MY TURNIPS ARE DOING BETTER THAN I EXPECTED!

WILB-U-R-R-R- LOOK OUT!! REMEMBER "BUTTON"!

AC-426

O-O-OH, YOU POOR DEAR! WHY, OH WHY DOES "BUTTON" ALWAYS BUTT YOU SO!

O-OOH.. THAT GOAT!

MAYBE 'TS BECAUSE OF YOUR CLOTHES! YOU KNOW BULLS ALWAYS CHASE RED -- SO MAYBE GOATS ---

I WONDER-- YEAH--IF I WEAR A DIFFERENT SUIT!

LATER

YOU SEE? OL' BUTTIN'-"BUTTON" IS *USED TO* SCARECROW OUTFITS, SO HE WON'T *BOTHER* ME --

--NOW-

OOF!

I GUESS THERE ISN'T *ANYTHING TO* THAT CLOTHES THEORY OF YOURS!

OH, YES THERE IS! *I'LL* PROVE IT YET!

STILL LATER

I FINALLY *GOT IT!* HE WON'T *BOTHER* ME *NOW!*

YESSIR, IT'S ALL A MATTER OF *WHAT YOU WEAR!*

OH, HE *THINKS* SO, DOES HE?

SEE WHAT I *MEAN?* HE WON'T **BOTHER** ME AT ALL NOW!

!!!

CURTAIN

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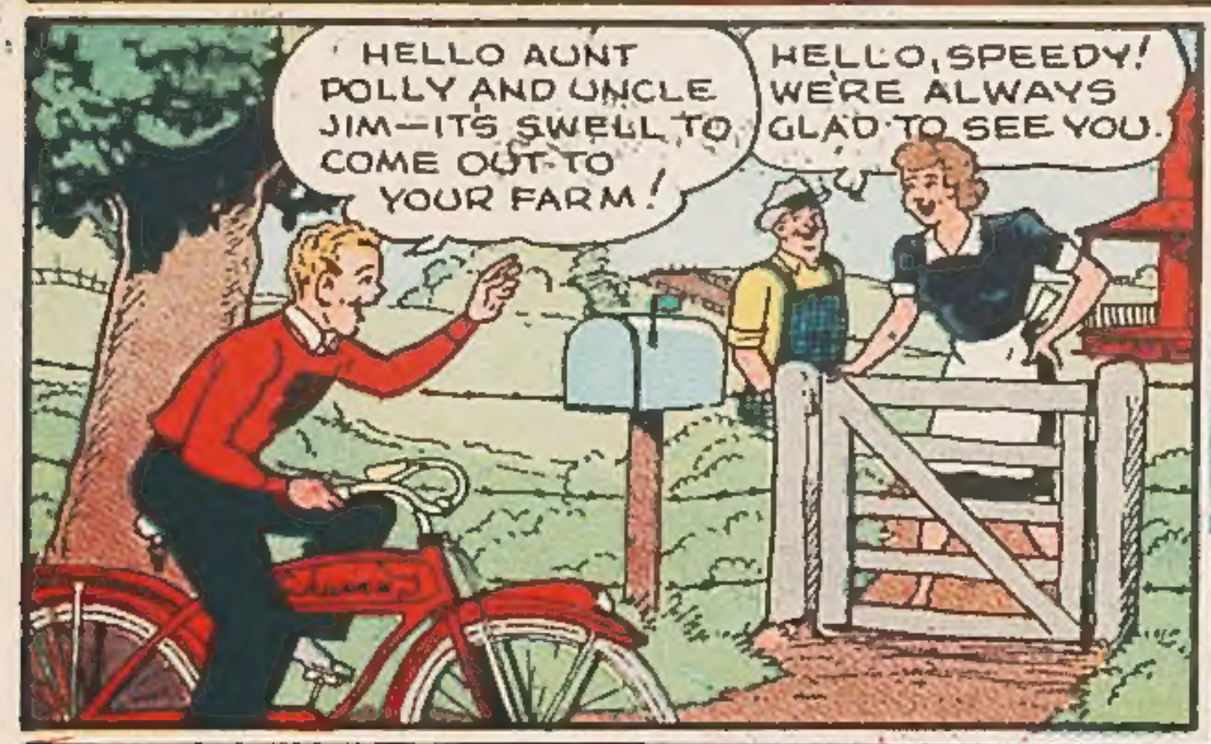
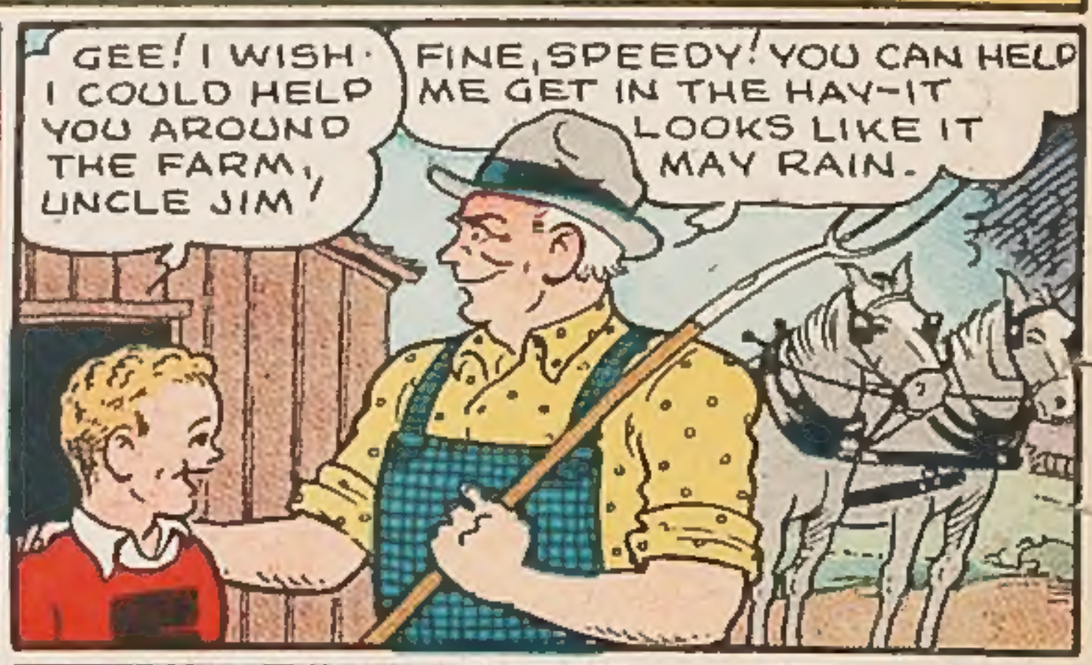
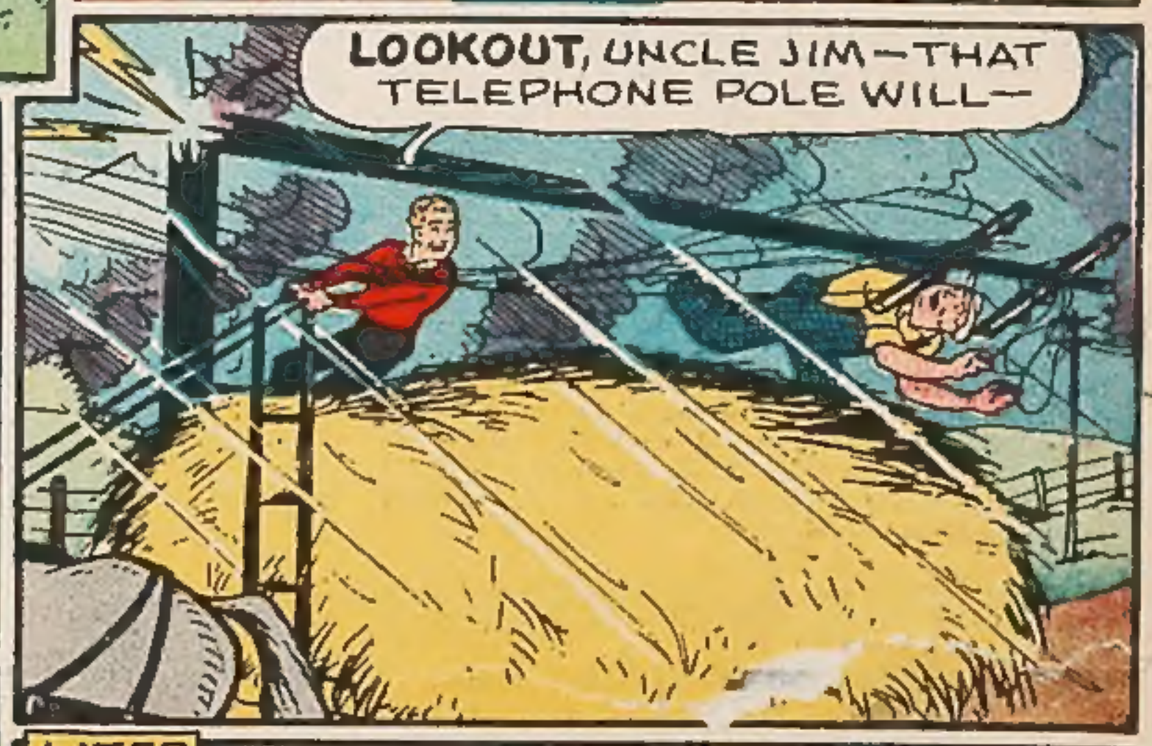
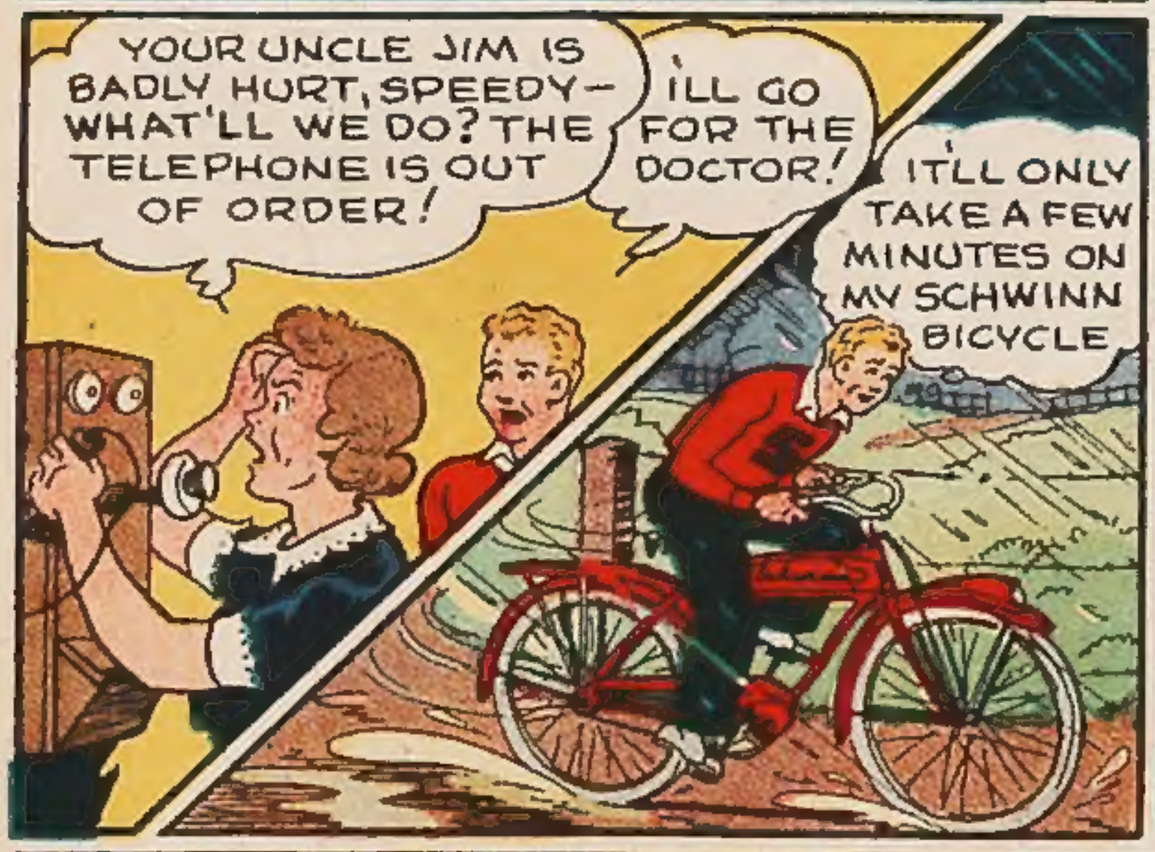
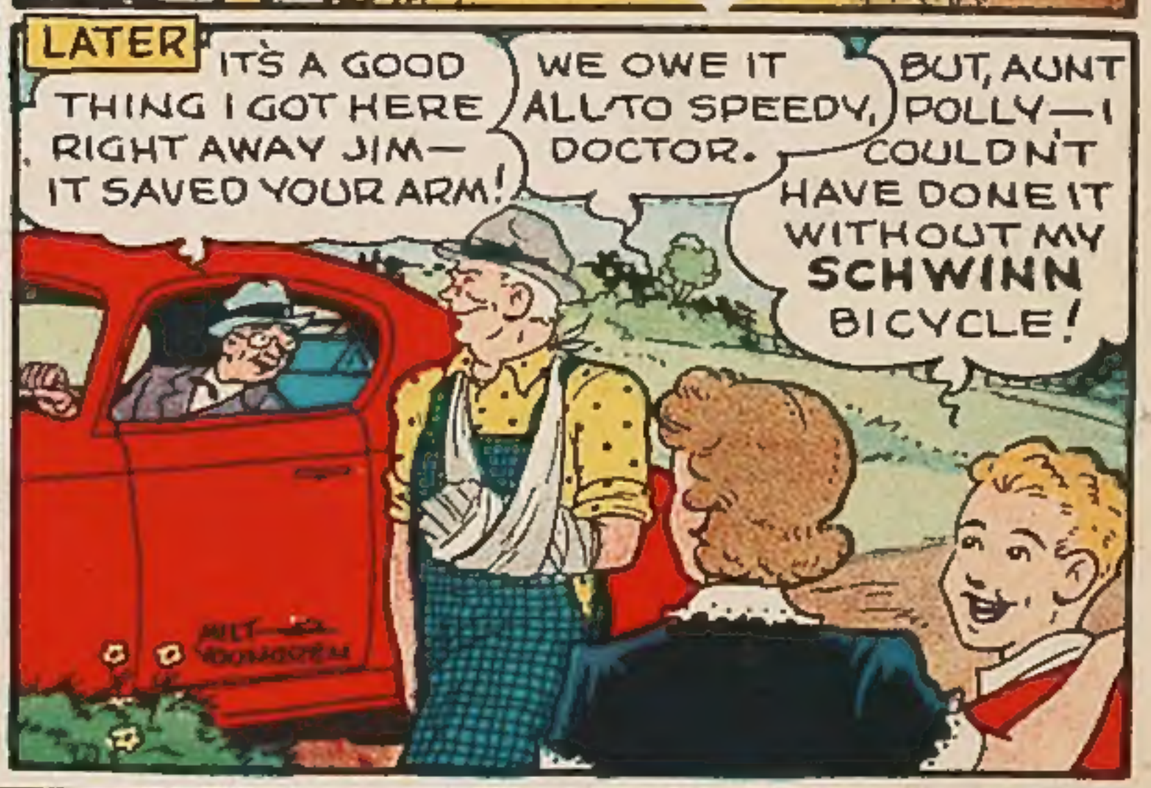
SPEEDY WHEELER AND HIS SCHWINN-BUILT BICYCLE








YOUR UNCLE JIM IS BADLY HURT, SPEEDY— WHAT'LL WE DO? THE TELEPHONE IS OUT OF ORDER!
I'LL GO FOR THE DOCTOR!
IT'LL ONLY TAKE A FEW MINUTES ON MY SCHWINN BICYCLE


LATER
IT'S A GOOD THING I GOT HERE RIGHT AWAY JIM— IT SAVED YOUR ARM!
WE OWE IT ALL TO SPEEDY, DOCTOR.
BUT, AUNT POLLY—I COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT MY SCHWINN BICYCLE!

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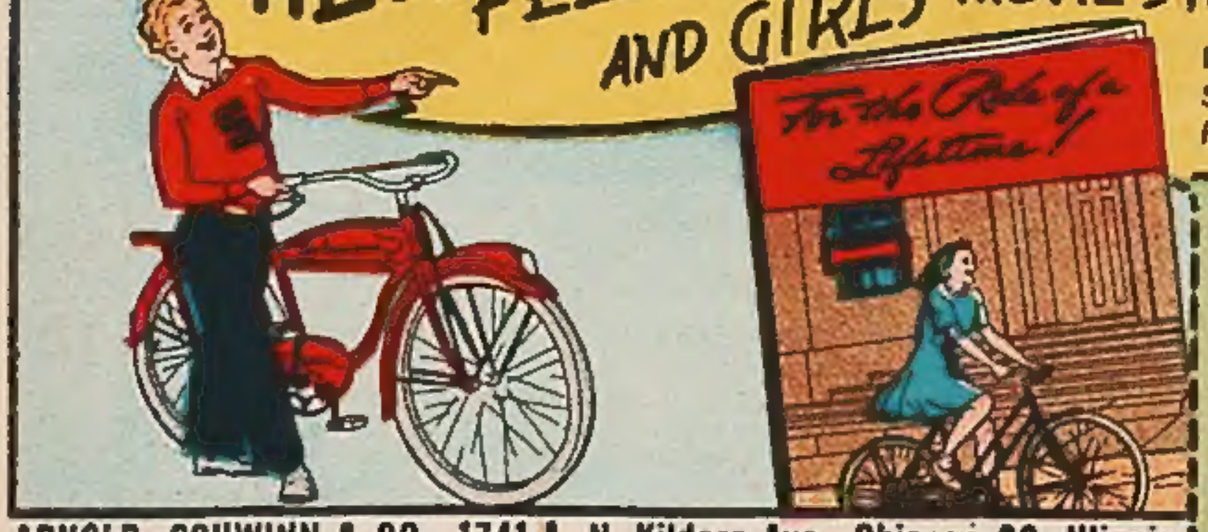

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